THE SQUIRE OF GATEA LODGE, By John Gould Fletcher

# The Saturday Review of Literature

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By Francis Hackett
*Reviewed by Henry B. Kranz*

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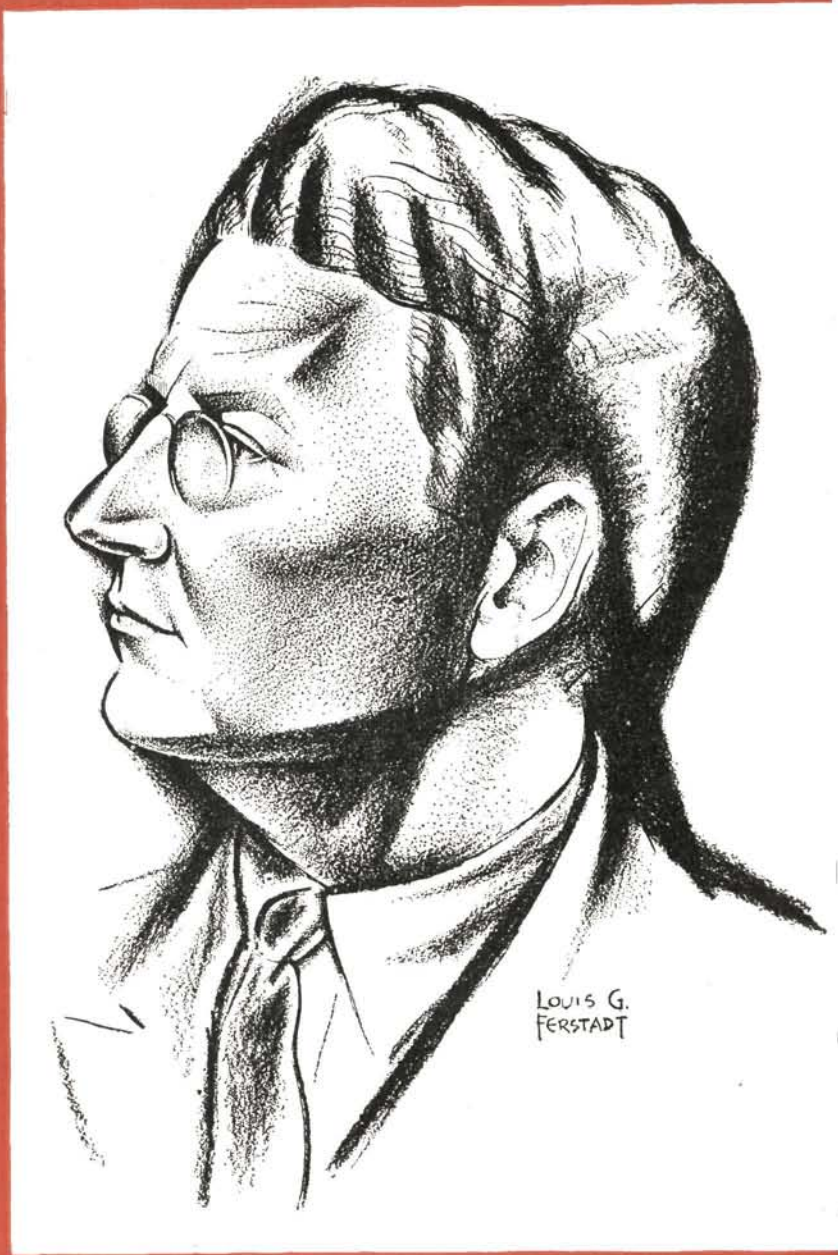


FRANCIS HACKETT has decided to awaken all Americans to the significance of the Nazi revolution . . . *(See page 5)*

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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

# The Squire of Gayeta Lodge

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Charles J. Finger

HE was big, big all around—not overtall but thickset, with an enormous head and shoulders to match, and a densely solid body. I recall that we were once talking about weights, and I was bemoaning the fact that since fifty, I have grown much heavier; and he told me, as if he were accustomed to the fact, that he weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. Except for the detail that his big, broad face displayed—characteristics that seemed clearly Irish—the wide humorous mouth, the small, pale blue eyes, the two masses of curly unruly hair on either side of the bald, florid forehead—he might have been a yeoman farmer in England. And so in a sense he was, though the acres he farmed eventually lay in the Ozarks. To his friends and neighbors around Fayetteville, Arkansas, he was "the Squire of Gayeta Lodge" to the last.

The first time I heard his name—Charles J. Finger—I was in England, around 1923 or so, when my friend Edward O'Brien printed one of his short stories—"The Lizard God" it was, I believe, in his annual anthology. As he was then a new writer, I naturally supposed him to be a young man; and I was aware, a little later, that H. L. Mencken, in the pages of the "American Mercury," was helping him to make his reputation. When I returned to this country, at the close of 1926, with a lecture engagement to visit Fayetteville, I looked forward to meeting him. That he was an Englishman who had settled in the Ozarks after many early adventures in South America, I knew; but I had not realized how long his early career had actually lasted.

It was early in 1927, a few days after my birthday on January 3, and also, just after "Twelfth Night," the 6th of January, that I boarded a train at Little Rock for Fayetteville. I had not been in my hotel more than one night, when following the lecture (I have often wondered since whether Finger had arranged for the hotel people to tell him that I was there, or whether he had seen the local newspaper that announced my arrival) someone of his family or friends turned up; and, finding that I was to stay for at least a day longer, insisted that I come out to his place for a week-end. I eagerly agreed, expecting my host to be around forty, the age I had recently achieved myself.

Thus it happened, as he wrote later, that as he stepped out of his office "the other day, I saw, coming across the little bridge which spans the stream, a tallish and slim-built man dressed in gray, who walked with the hurried stride of a city man . . . I waited on the steps, fearing a little that my visitor might be a collector, or an agent, whereupon I could plead pressure of work. But I was pleasantly surprised, for the man held out his hand in greeting, then gave mine a hearty shake, and proclaimed himself to be John Gould Fletcher, who had come on one of my general invitations to spend the week-end with me."

As for myself, I must admit that I was somewhat taken aback at the apparent age of my host. Finger had then just passed his fifty-seventh birthday. It embarrassed me to be greeted as an equal by one who belonged so obviously to the older generation; for as a "modern" with a reputation still largely to make, I still felt somewhat ill at ease in the presence of most writers over fifty. I did not realize then that Finger had waited till he had passed fifty before he even began to write. I scarcely realized then, as I do now, that the birthday in question had taken place on December 25—nor that he had saved the Scotch he had invited me to share with him for the first guest he was to entertain after the New Year; that guest being myself.

I read to the family of two girls and three boys that evening. I thought that perhaps the younger generation would relish, rather better than he did, my somewhat obvious twentieth-century-made sophistication. He had already told me that he had once met William Morris in his own early days back in London; this in itself made him part of an older England than I had ever seen, and a more direct and far simpler generation. I read my poems rather well, more for the children's benefit than for his, I daresay; but he liked one of them, and said so.

The next morning was taken up with a visit to an old photographer, who at Fayetteville, of all places, still kept up some of the instincts of an artist. I had had no photographs taken since 1912; and I enjoyed the visit, being enlivened with a store of anecdotes drawn from Finger's capacious memory. We rode into town and out again, in the family's original Model-T Ford—a car that stayed with him, I believe, to the last, and still did duty for me on at least one later occasion. That afternoon I had to meet the faculty and some of the students who had heard my lecture; and one of the family was deputed to take me in, Finger himself declining to come. I gathered that he stood somewhat aloof, and had learned to guard himself against too much intrusion on his time by the University people. As I left, he said, I recall, humorously, "Well, heaven help you!"

What interested and intrigued me most about him was the broad simplicity of his character, combined with



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a rugged individualism that would do credit to a giant. He had grown up by passing through the socialism that was the common talk of the most advanced intellectual circles of London in the late eighties; and then, at twenty, had gone off to sea, and had lived by depending on his own resources in the most savage and remote places, in Patagonia, for example, for fully ten years after that. This experience had left him, if not contemptuous, at least indifferent to all theories that could not be proven by day-to-day experience; it had made of him an adventurer, one of his own "Courageous Companions," and like all adventurers, a fatalist. Indeed, the last time I saw him, he still, half-humorously, declared himself in favor of fatalism. His literary gods, to the end, were all people who had made their own way in the world; writers like Burns, Charles Dickens, or Stevenson, or his life-long friend Cunningham Graham: not people, like myself, who are less concerned with making a way for themselves, than in seeing a way made for a few ideas in which they happen to have some faith. To a considerable extent, he was a survivor of an earlier breed; the type of Englishman who could go off to the ends of the earth and there land on their own feet somehow: the type symbolized by such men as Raleigh, Bligh, and Doughty. He was uninfected with our modern habit of self-doubt and self-analysis at all times. I doubt if he ever fully appreciated Conrad, and am almost sure he did not appreciate Henry James. As for Joyce, I am certain he never read him, and would never have made much of him if he had.

Such as he was, a survivor of the Victorian era transported at last, via savage Patagonia, to the Ozarks, he was a character of complete integrity in himself, full of the intense energy of a born man of action, and but little disposed to brook contradition, generous and warm-hearted and equipped with a tremendous natural instinct for life itself. He had written nothing until he was fifty (except perhaps a few scientific or business reports), but once embarked on literature, had worked at it as at everything else, persistently and exhaustively. In the twenty years that followed, he fathered nearly forty books, besides innumerable magazine articles. Too many, in fact, for his later reputation. But Charles Finger was unconcerned with reputations. As he said, towards the close of his life, what attracted him most were the "important nobodies," those people otherwise without fame, who somehow, under whatever circumstances, get the business of the world done. He was of them, thoroughly, and on our last meetings he referred to our talks usually as "unfinished business."

After that first meeting in 1927, I did not see him again till 1933. He was back in England for a last visit to see some old haunts in 1931, but did not come my way. In the summer of 1933, I took again the road to Fayetteville. Since the University had offered me an honorary degree, I was momentarily proud; but whether it was to chasten my pride, or merely to remind me of what had already happened, Finger drove me to the degree-taking in the same old Ford that had been my former mode of conveyance to his home. He seemed little changed, though the children were now all grown up and living elsewhere for the most part.

Since then, I saw him more frequently. Especially since 1936, I have run across his trail. Or his trail has coincided with mine at least once, nearly every year. As I recall it, he had been in Little Rock in the summer of 1935, and gave a public lecture, of which I recall little except the advice he gave to young authors "to learn to do by doing" and a vivid prejudice he aired against some books that had been puffed into popularity. After 1936, with his daughter Helen settled down in Fayetteville as illustrator, he saw me—as I have said—more frequently, calling on me once in Little Rock in 1938, and once more when I was living in the country just outside the city in 1939. During that time, I went at least twice more to Fayetteville to see him, once in the early summer of 1939 when the fields around his place were snow-white with white penstemon and Shasta daisies, and again in November, 1940, when the last colors of fall were merging in the brown of his final winter on this earth.

In the spring of 1940, with Hitler's armies streaming through France, I received a letter from him in which he said, with his usual humorous fatalism, that this was maybe the dawn of a new era we were witnessing, but he added that he had once heard William Morris say that "when socialism comes, it may be in such a form that we won't like it." During the late summer, his daughter Helen wrote to my wife that he was feeling much depressed at the bombings of London. And when Coventry was wrecked, he wrote me, expressing deep regret at the senseless destruction of such a pretty city. He urged me to visit him, but it was not till the tenth of November that my wife and I were able to set out: and we drove through drizzling rain, with the sun coming out only when we reached the mountains south of Fayetteville. It was about four when we got to Gayeta Lodge, to find from Mrs.

(*Continued on page* 16)

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# Re the "Monstrous Document"

*WHAT MEIN KAMPF MEANS TO AMERICA. By Francis Hackett. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock.* 1941. 288 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

"THERE are still responsible people in this busy world who have not yet got 'round to reading 'Mein Kampf,'" says Francis Hackett, who went this Spring to a tiny tropic island 1400 miles from New York to read one hundred pages a day of the "bible of dementia praecox" until the whole book was digested. He woke up to the nature of Nazism as never before. And he decided to awaken all Americans to the significance of the Nazi revolution.

It is a strange thing about "Mein Kampf." In Germany it is, next to the Bible, the book with the highest sale. But this reviewer, traveling in Europe in the years 1933-37, spoke with many Nazis who had to confess that they had never read the book, although it was, of course, on their bookshelves. Perhaps, if they had read it, they would be as much revolted by the ideas of their Fuehrer as we are.

Mr. Hackett, who wrote the best-seller biographies "Henry VIII" and "Francis I.," and who was for many years one of the editors of the *New Republic,* wants everybody to study "Mein Kampf." "Labor and Capital both," he exclaims, "Read it. Your pride as men, your goodness as human beings, your fortune as democrats are threatened." For those who are afraid to approach the whole thousand pages of Herr Hitler's book he outlines its importance for Americans.

Mr. Hackett's interpretation is illuminating, original, and vigorous. The author does not merely try to predigest "Mein Kampf." His method is entirely different. He points to the most radical ideas of the Nazi ideology and underlines their meaning with passages from the book. In this way Hitler's nationalism, his contempt for Democracy, his creed, his ideas about a master race and domination at home and abroad, his challenge to Britain and America, become as transparent as his split personality and his ability as propagandist. We realize that Hitler is "first and foremost a child of the machine age," that he is "non-negotiable," that "there is neither mercy nor bill of rights in the ideology of the book." And we read how Nazism came into existence. Mr. Hackett certainly hopes his book will be read by Charles Lindbergh. He is convinced that the famous pilot and isolationist never read "Mein Kampf." He points out that Lindbergh, during the hearings on the Lend-Lease Bill was asked: "Have you ever read any statement of Mr. Hitler's indicating that he had any designs on this hemisphere?" and that Lindbergh answered: "No. I have not. But I have not read a great many of his statements." Lindbergh—who "is not a Nazi and knows nothing of Hitler's aims," and the Nazis and Americans who never read "Mein Kampf"—do not realize, Mr. Hackett believes, that this book "marks the Great Divide as nothing else in the world does. The Germans are on one side of it, the rest of the world is on the other."

While the author write "What Mein Kampf Means to America," another volume, "The Wave of the Future," by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, was lying on his table. He is convinced that the ideas contained in Mrs. Lindbergh's book are derived from "Mein Kampf." He says: "Only the person who takes the trouble to read 'Mein Kampf' can possibly know this."

Yes, while the knowledge of the Nazi bible might not be necessary for a Storm Trooper, it should be required reading for every American who still is in doubt as to what course of action his country should take in these most crucial times.

Mr. Hackett's book is a highly stimulating and revealing preview of 'Mein Kampf' for anyone who has not as yet perused Herr Hitler's monstrous document. If you have already bought it, study it with Mr. Hackett's interpretation on your table.

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The German Gestapo authorities in Oslo have addressed a questionnaire to all Norwegian publishing firms which are members of the Norwegian Publishers' Association. The questionnaire represents an attempt to secure information which may be of use to the Nazis in their attempt to suppress all freedom of thought and expression in Norway.

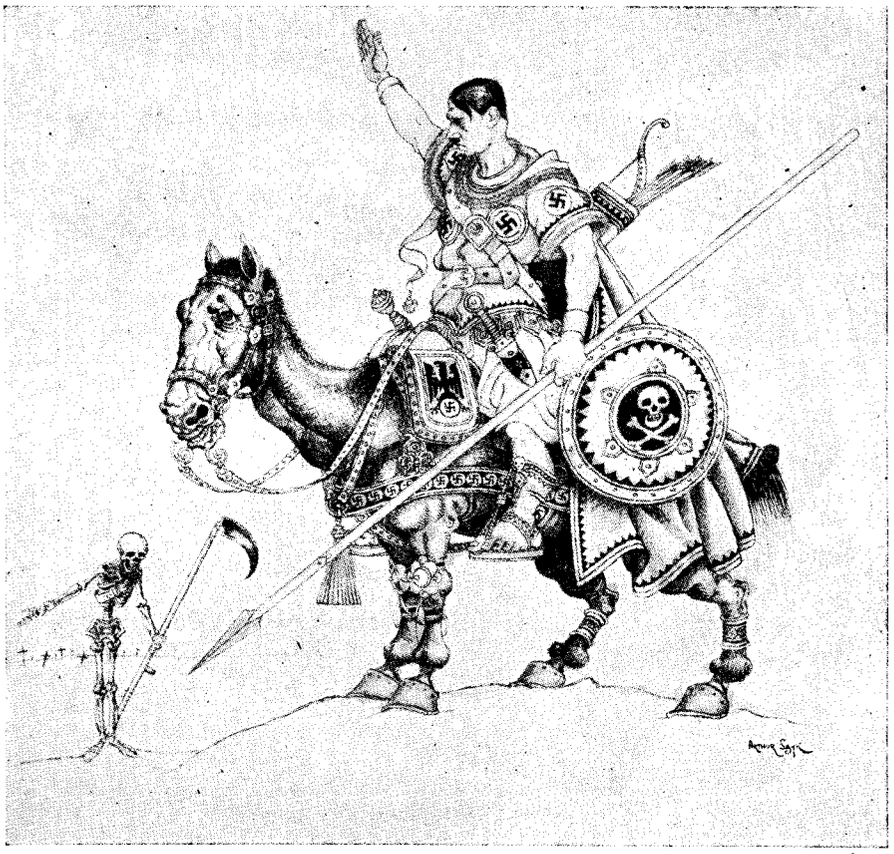
Amongst the questions are the following:

"What new books have you published since April 9th (date of the German invasion)?"

"What kind of books are they—belles lettres, educational, political, religious, scientific, artistic, etc.? What is the size of the edition of each? How many copies have been sent to public libraries? Have any copies been sent abroad?"

In the case of translations: "What is the nationality of the author?" In the case of Norwegian authors: "Have any of them received a retaining fee from your firm, or in what other way have they been paid? What is the amount which you have paid to the authors? State in each case whether the MS. was commissioned or was sent in on the author's own initiative."

—*"The Bookseller," London.*



*Drawing by Arthur Szyk, from "The New Order."*

**Attila**



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—*From the jacket.*

# The African Front

*WAR IN THE DESERT: The Battle for Africa. By Raoul Aglion. New York: Henry Holt & Co.* 1941. 300 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

RAOUL AGLION is a French soldier-diplomat who long has been a student and resident of the Middle East. Before coming from Egypt to the United States recently, he threw in his lot with the de Gaullist Free French movement. Now he has written one of the most interesting and valuable books which have come out of this war—"War In the Desert."

This is more than an authoritative first-hand account of Britain's military struggle to maintain her dominant position in the Eastern Mediterranean area. True, the author paints an integrated picture of the magnificent exploit last winter of Britain's Army of the Nile carrying out one of the greatest campaigns of all time, in North Africa and Libya. And he explains why he discounts the seriousness of that heterogeneous army's subsequent withdrawal into Egypt, so that part of its forces could participate in the ill-fated battles for Greece and Crete. But what is particularly enlightening is the insight which M. Aglion gives into the words and actions of Middle East native leaders of restive elements who are being bribed and otherwise incited to rebellion and treason by Italo-German fifth columnists.

No plot evolved by the frenetic mind of Hollywood could possibly contain the elements of intrigue and subversion which M. Aglion shows us lie behind the current war of power politics in the Eastern Mediterranean.

However, all that is going on is only history repeating itself, with variations in instruments of warfare and personalities. The author proves this by highlighting the battles for Africa which have taken place since the beginnings of history—by Assyrians and Persians; Greeks and Romans; Arabs and Turks; English and French.

For example, M. Aglion reminds us that more than 2,000 years ago, the Arab General Amru subdued Egypt with an army of 16,000 men chiefly by exploiting all the means of psychological warfare, in much the same fashion as Hitler carries on his War of Nerves:

> Spreading among the population the news of their (the Arabs') unparalleled conquests in the Near East, boosting the superiority of their new creed, alternately terrorizing, bribing and blackmailing those whom they found in key positions, using desert guides as spies, agitators and "fifth columnists," overwhelming the enemy by "lightning" quickness of their moves, disrupting lines of communication, isolating the individual "duchies" into which Egypt was divided at that time, working up the passions of local dignitaries against each other, and above all, preventing them from uniting in one great effort to withstand the invader. . . .

Although the Arabs succeeded in conquering the Middle East, M. Aglion does not believe Hitler and Mussolini will.

"Quick and unexpected reversals are always possible in desert warfare," he says and emphasizes that when the British-Free French forces become properly armed they will emerge victorious, principally because their morale is infinitely superior to that of their enemies—and, he might have added at this moment, because the axis leaders are so preoccupied elsewhere.

"The lesson of history," M. Aglion points out, "and the great teaching of its battles is that human character is an indispensable element of success. . . . 'One is never beaten when he has faith in victory. . . . One can always conquer when one wants to win.'"

# Far Eastern Stakes

*WAR AND DIPLOMACY IN EASTERN ASIA. By Claude A. Buss. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1941. 570 *pp., with index.* $5.

*CROSS WINDS OF EMPIRE. By Lt.-Col. Woodbern Remington. New York: The John Day Co.* 1941. 279 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

FEW books on Far Eastern affairs are able to capture the many-sidedness of the total problem which is presented in that section of the globe. Professor Buss, of the University of Southern California, has deliberately set himself the task of covering the whole immense field. He treats of internal conditions in China and Japan, of the origins, development, and effects of the Sino-Japanese conflict, of the colonial stakes of the Western powers in southeast Asia, of the Japanese challenge to Western rights and interests in China and other regions of the East, of world peace machinery in relation to Far Eastern problems of the past two decades, of the Soviet Union and its impact on Asiatic affairs. He carries his discussion of these diverse issues back to World War I, and even to the last century or earlier in many cases, and yet he also covers events up to the concluding months of 1940.

It is perhaps inevitable that there will be occasional slips when an author attempts such an ambitious *tour de force*. Specialists in various aspects of the subject will find certain errors of fact, and they will undoubtedly disagree with some of the interpretations. There are a few chronological discrepancies, especially in the placing of events in Chinese politics. Doihara, for example, accepted the North China Political Council in 1935 *after* the failure of his "autonomy" movement, not before. Chang Tso-lin, the old Marshal of Manchuria, was killed in 1928, and so could not have been active in 1929. The Chinese Communists did not kidnap Chiang Kai-shek at Sian; this was done by Generals Chang Hseuh-liang and Yang Hu-chen, who are still kept in "protective custody" for their act of insubordination. Other factual errors could be pointed out, and there is also a considerable amount of repetition, which could have been avoided by more careful editing and pruning.

When all this has been said, however, the volume still holds its place as a most useful over-all survey, particularly valuable for the layman who wants more than a cursory introduction to the field. The quotations culled from state papers, Far Eastern periodicals, and statesmen who have played



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their parts on the diplomatic stage are especially apt and illuminating. Taken as a whole, the work combines a sense of the urgency of immediate issues with a broad historical background, giving depth and perspective to a picture that is too often seen as a set of disconnected events of the moment.

Not many years back, most people thought only of China and Japan when the Far East was mentioned. How the "other one-third" lived, way down south around the edges of the China and Sulu Seas, was more or less disregarded. We have recently become aware, mainly through Japan's challenge, that the southeastern sections of the Far East are exceedingly important. They include a set of American, Dutch, British, and French possessions—the Philippines, the East Indies, Malaya, and Indo-China. Our writers on Far Eastern subjects have now caught up to the new situation, and we are being given an increasing number of valuable studies relating to rich and strategic southeast Asia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Remington's approach, fortunately, is quite different from that of his immediate predecessors and thus offers an interesting supplement to their work. It is neither predominantly a study of military preparations, as in the case of certain chapters in Hallet Abend's "Japan Unmasked," nor a political and economic treatment such as featured "Our Future in Asia," by Robert Aura Smith. It does not wholly overlook these immediate aspects of the general problem, but it is based primarily on an examination of the peoples of this region—the "Malayans," as they may be loosely termed, although a number of basically different racial stocks have intermingled to form the present indigenous habitants of the area.

Through his eyes, we catch glimpses of the migrations which peopled this area in prehistoric times: the early Negrito stock, the Indonesian (with a Caucasian strain), the Papuan, and the Mongoloid proto-Malays. We see a bit of those dim empires of historic times which built the massive Borobodur temple in Java, a Buddhist creation witnessing to the migrations from India. For the Philippines, on which the book mainly centers, there is a discussion of the Spanish conquest and the Spanish influences that still persist. We discover, also, how the present-day "Malayan" descendants of these earlier epochs live, and something of how they are reacting to the alarums of the twentieth century which strike into their retreat. It is a fascinating story, well written and offering much of solid information on current trends as well as the long prehistorical background.

*Keystone*

**Ernest Bevin**

**Clement Attlee**

# Britain's Labor Leaders

*BEVIN AND CO. The Leaders of British Labour. By Patricia Strauss. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1941. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

IN 1834 six English farm workers were deported to Tasmania for trying to form a union; today, a little more than a century later, three labor leaders sit in the War Cabinet and three direct the Admiralty, the Ministry of Home Security, and the Ministry of Economic Warfare. The rise of the British Labor party, which sounds like a collection of Horatio Alger stories, is described in this sprightly book by the wife of a young Labor M.P. Mrs. Strauss confines her story largely to brief sketches of the party leaders, but she weaves in considerable material regarding the party itself. Her "profiles," written from personal knowledge, cover Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison, Clement Attlee, Arthur Greenwood, Hugh Dalton, A. V. Alexander, Sir Stafford Cripps, and Ellen Wilkinson, and mention in passing many lesser known figures, several of whom now compose an informal "opposition" to the coalition government. Because of the increasing importance of the Labor party as partner in the Churchill coalition, this up-to-date, accurate, and eminently readable book deserves widespread attention in America.

In the United States, where no exclusively labor party has proved successful in the national arena, several aspects of the British phenomenon are of particular interest. The British Labor party, as Mrs. Strauss points out, rests upon two legs: the trade unions and the local labor parties. Since the latter contain a large leavening of Socialists, the party usually divides into a "right" and "left" wing, as in 1939 when Sir Stafford Cripps, the author's husband, and several others were expelled for defying the party executive and advocating a "popular front" with the Liberals and Communists. Mrs. Strauss explains these party mysteries for the uninitiated American, and suggests that the influence of the trade union wing is increasing during the war, when the "electoral truce" prevents the local parties from fighting by-elections. It is only by preparing for a general election (postponed for the duration) and contesting by-elections that the local parties hold their members, who pay a penny a week dues. Mrs. Strauss illustrates Labor party organization and practice by describing her own district, the Lambeth Walk section of London.

While an ardent member of the Labor party and a believer in its future, Mrs. Strauss does not pull her punches in discussing its leaders, and she is especially uncharitable toward some of the party hacks who have been retired to the House of Commons. She lists the strengths and weakness of each man, pointing out that the titular leaders—Attlee and Greenwood—are being overshadowed by Bevin and Morrison, two of the most powerful and popular statesmen in Britain. Mrs. Strauss defends Labor's participation in the coalition in words that almost paraphrase Wendell Willkie: "By joining with the Conservatives now in a joint Government the Labour party is fighting for its right to fight the Conservatives." The Labor party, Mrs. Strauss concludes, "is fighting for the freedom to advocate reform . . . by legal means."



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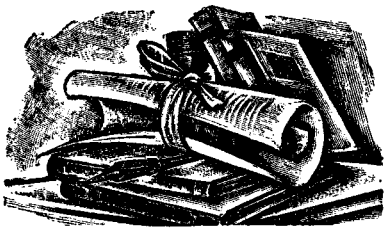
# Milton and the Moderns

*MILTON AND HIS MODERN CRITICS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.)* 1941. 87 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by A. M. WITHERSPOON

THE bombardment last year of Milton's statue outside the Church of St. Giles Cripplegate in London has suggested to more than one the bombardments of the poet's reputation by certain critics of the present day. The statue, only slightly damaged, was set up again, and it still stands there, presumably, defying the bombarders. It is not with bombs or other weapons of contemporary warfare that Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith enters the Battle of Milton. After the fashion of David against Goliath, Mr. Pearsall Smith comes up from Chelsea against some of the loud speakers among Milton's critics with a charming and mild-mannered little book, full of wit and urbanity and good sense. It contains a choice collection of polished stones which he hurls deftly and with telling effect at such eminent detractors as T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound, Herbert Read, Middleton Murry, and F. R. Leavis.

The author recounts briefly the rise of the anti-Miltons, and shows his familiarity with their history and their charges against the poet. He quotes, with something of a twinkle in his eye, some of their devastating criticisms, and with evident relish takes as a sort of text for his discourse Mr. Leavis's rather well-known pronouncement that "Milton's dislodgement in the past decade, after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss"—a statement that may in time come to rank with some of Jeffrey's comments on Wordsworth. He mentions and answers many of the specific criticisms of Milton—that the poet "displays a feeling *for* words rather than a capacity for feeling *through* them," that his verse is stiff and mechanical, that he was too musical, that he did almost irreparable damage to English poetry and the English language, and that, as for his great monstrosity of *Paradise Lost*, if the poem has a moral at all it is nothing more profound than that a husband must keep his wife in her proper place. Mr. Pearsall Smith's book is not, however, so much a defense of Milton as a reaffirmation of his faith in him, and a grateful acknowledgment of the spiritual and æsthetic benefits he has received from his poetry.



The author has tried to understand rather than merely to denounce the reaction against Milton, and not all Milton's modern critics are castigated. Generous tributes of commendation are paid to Robert Bridges, Professor E. E. Stoll, Sir Herbert Grierson, and Miss Rose Macaulay. He might well have included in the list for honorable mention Professor E. M. W. Tillyard, one of Milton's most distinguished modern defenders, and he is more witty than accurate in his statement that Professor Tillyard has attempted to prove that hydrophobia was the inspiration of "Lycidas." In view of all the evidence, Mr. Pearsall Smith is willing to rest the case for Milton with posterity, and, as for him, the poet, like his own Lycidas, still

**John Milton**

*Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.*

The little book may be heartily recommended to the student of Milton and to the more general reader as one of the year's most thoroughly enjoyable essays in literary criticism.

# English Critical History

*THE RISE OF ENGLISH LITERARY HISTORY. By René Wellek. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 275 pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHY did men ever begin writing or, for that matter, speaking? To disguise their thoughts, or to express them? To please others and/or satisfy themselves? Such questions, far too fascinating, excite Mr. Wellek almost as much as his immediate and far narrower subject. There are a great many good trees in this wood of his, and he can discourse on them; but he hasn't the art of displaying the wood itself. Certain facts are plain enough. In the period under discussion, from the beginning, that is, of English critical history of English authors up to Thomas Warton whose great history of poetry came out in 1774-1781, all criticism is vitiated, more or less, because the historians, great and small, would apply inapplicable standards. The clearest instances are, perhaps, the treatment of Chaucer and Donne. Chaucer's language and versification seemed barbarous to the age of Pope, therefore it was barbarous in itself: Donne was harsh, conceited, over-ingenious, therefore he did not know how to write. It simply did not occur to the classical critics to examine first what a poet's aims were.

The same blunders were made in judging foreign authors—Dante is blamed by Warton himself for "grossest improprieties and absurdities," "childish and ludicrous excesses" and "disgusting fooleries." We must remember that this age of Warton's was one in which a divine could seriously offer as a more elegant version of the text "Jesus wept"—"The Creator of the Universe burst into a flood of tears."

Mr. Wellek's book is, then, largely a history of false starts and fanciful hares. Occasionally he is, I think, too severe. William Temple's theory of the effect of climate on literature, though his application is doubtful, has more to say for it than Mr. Wellek would admit. After all, social conditions are partly conditioned by climate, and their influence on the arts is undoubted.

The book has a good bibliography: but it is a pity that Mr. Wellek does not always give the date of each book's original publication. It is disconcerting to have Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" ascribed to 1924, and shocking to read against Philip Sidney's "Defense of Poetry—Glasgow—1752!"

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As a part of its 75th anniversary celebration, the University of New Hampshire has printed its history. The book tells of the life of the university from its founding at Dartmouth through the early years at the Hanover institution; the philanthropy of Benjamin Thompson; and the move to Durham.



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# A Jazz Homer

*SEND ME DOWN. By Henry Steig. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1941. 461 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

HENRY STEIG is a member of the Steig family, which is to say that he is brother to the magnificent William whose pictured "Small Fry" are probably not any better than Rubens's fat girls but bear the comparison. Henry has what may be familial characteristics: he can be wistful and ribald at the same time; he can produce a belly laugh, a cynical grin, and a salty tear all at once, which is what his brother's principal vehicle, *The New Yorker,* would probably label The Neatest Trick of the Week.

Mr. Steig's story is more or less an extension of "Young Man With a Horn," a book about Beiderbecke, the jazz Homer, which was not as rich as "Send Me Down" because it was more dramatic and less diffuse. But there is no objection to Steig's becoming diffused when the impulse comes and a little drama can be spared for the sake of talk that is as witty as it is unsavory, in places—if wit can ever be unsavory.

The story is concerned with two boys from the Bronx, or more accurately the dreadful place called Washington Heights, who are encouraged by their parents to become respectable musicians and who naturally become "jazz" artists. Their adventures with vaudeville, club dances, "hot" music, and a lot of inconsequential girls who are at least not Birdseye products, their struggles to maintain whatever they consider the integrity of whatever they mean by "jazz," their discovery that if anyone offers you the whole world the best thing to do is to sell it back to the Indians, furnish a fairly conventional pattern, garnished with old tricks whose use and desertion make the book slightly inchoate.

There is a great deal of the Bix Beiderbecke legend in the story and some touches of Pal Joey and his mouses (not mice), but the thing stands soundly on truly perceptive and sophisticated and generally bawdy conversations and reflections. This does not mean that it is an improvisation from Emerson's "Essays" because it moves all the way, usually in all directions and once or twice in newly invented compass points, but it gets around accompanied by a lot of very funny and very truthful remarks, as if Mr. Steig were throwing in a few hot saxophone touches on the works of a good-natured conductor named Washington Irving, for instance.

**Henry Steig**

The slight scientific trouble with the book is that there is no such thing as the improvisation described or the ikon called "jazz." Syncopation is older than musical history; instrumentation was beaten to death by Richard Strauss if it hadn't already been exhausted by some Neanderthal log-pounder. The tonic systems are simply a nuisance to everyone who knows that a Mason & Hamlin is superior to a reed-flute—what is the new cult, the mystic circle, of lads who can invent more harmony in the flick of a finger on *St. Louis Blues* than even such firecrackers and sizzlers as Shostakovitch and Gruenberg have been able to make out of fractional tones? And these careful composers usually smell.

Improvisation was abandoned late in the reign of Victoria because it was always a completely awful trifling with conventional scales. No one can think up a decent song while he is occupied with fingering. He might as well try to build a dam or write a novel while fighting Joe Louis. Of course, noises can be made.

The objection is purely technical. The "jazz" cult is funny. The book is very good if one ignores the thesis.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 380)**

TIMOTHY DWIGHT:

*COLUMBIA: A SONG**

Columbia, Columbia . . . . . arise!
Thy genius commands thee.
To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire,
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the right of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.

*(Song written while Dwight was army chaplain, 1777-8).

# Militant Evangelist

*SOUTH OF GOD. By Cedric Belfrage. New York: Modern Age Books.* 1941. 341 *pp., with appendix.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN DANIELS

A STRANGE book, this! Strange if for no other reason than that it was written by an Englishman whose first book, "Away From It All," would give no hint of what has come out of his experience with Claude Williams. As he says, "I had a rare experience. I had met a Christian. There was nothing I could do but write about it."

For a man who had never visited the South except for stops en route by car from coast to coast, the author has entered into the mood and spirit of the Southland, with its ferment and confusion, its strong political, religious, and racial feeling, and has caught the flavor and color, the substance, and not a little of the stark reality confronting the under-privileged.

The story he tells is as alive as the battles of the Old Testament prophets, and the way he tells the story will make you at turns angry or disgusted, ashamed or inspired.

Claude Williams came from a poor home in the Tennessee mountain country. Destined by his mother for the ministry, he felt no "call," but instead went to labor on farms, on the Mississippi, and finally joined the army. But in the end he became a preacher, and won himself a wide reputation as a fire-eating, hell-and-damnation evangelist. But some subtle ferment of the spirit—a troubling of the waters of the soul—was working in him. First felt as a growing discontent with preaching salvation and "pie-in-the-sky-by-and-by" to share-croppers and tenant-farmers who had precious little of this world's goods here below, it was finally precipitated by a reading of Harry Emerson Fosdick's book, "The Modern Use of the Bible."

Always intense, his very vehement lashing out against the injustices which showed his people—now largely farmers, miners, common laborers—more sinned against than sinning, cost him his church. Ostracized, scarred from floggings, fretted by his own failing health, and the ineptitude and selfishness of groups with whom he tried to work (the C.I.O. and the Southern Tenant Farmers Union) yet with his faith in common man, and the availability of human resource, under God, to lead the people from their bondage, he organized his "People's Institutes of Applied Religion."

Here is a provocative, disturbing book, absorbing as a novel, more real than some of our headlines.



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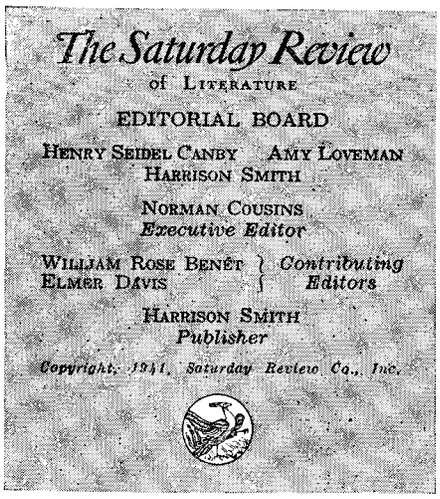


## THE RESCUE OF THE BOOKS

DEEP down in an abandoned Welsh coal mine a librarian is working at the strangest task any librarian ever performed. On rough shelves lining the mine are stacked books and manuscripts evacuated from the British Museum, whose value is placed at several millions of dollars. The librarian photographs them, page by page, on microfilm, and sends each finished roll to America.

Photographs of 1,000,000 pages have already crossed the Atlantic safely, without the loss of a single foot of film. The negatives are stored in a small brick building near the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. The University library catalogues them as soon as they arrive, and sends the cards to the larger municipal and university libraries throughout the country. Prints from the negatives have already been placed in the stacks of more than a dozen libraries where there are reading machines to enlarge the films to original size.

Thus far every book in the British Museum printed before 1550 has found its way to sanctuary in America, meticulously reproduced in miniature, accurate to the final dotted i. With them have come thousands of other books, documents, royal decrees and letters from the Bodleian Library at Oxford University, from Cambridge, Lambeth, Lincoln's Inn Fields and other famous British collections. Five thousand pages from the Guildhall Library arrived a few days before that great museum was smashed and burned by Nazi bombs.

Six American cameras are busy in the British Isles, working against time and blitzkrieg and barbarism to rescue as much as possible of the written and printed evidence of what we know as culture. Other such cameras in France, Germany, Italy, Holland, and Belgium are all probably idle now, except one at the Vatican which is preserving the earliest records of the Christian church and a mass of early Italian literature.

The man chiefly responsible for saving Europe's books is Eugene B. Power, a young Ann Arbor photo-publisher who several years ago began "printing" on microfilm the doctoral dissertations of graduating Ph.D.'s.

"If you can print these on film," scholars asked, "what about copies of rare works in European libraries?"

Officials of the Library of Congress and a committee from the American Council of Learned Societies agreed to sponsor the task, and with grants from first the Carnegie and later the Rockefeller foundations, Power went to Europe with a staff of scholars and technicians. War interfered with his work in Germany, France, Italy, Austria, and the Low Countries. "But if there are any books left on the continent after the war," Power says, "we'll go back. Meanwhile, we are saving all we can in Britain." Meanwhile, too, thanks to a millions of tiny negatives, and despite hell on earth, the tools of scholarship, the resources of culture and the record of human achievement are being preserved in America for future generations.

KARL DETZER.

## Slow Movement (1941)

**Virginia Hamilton**

THE centuries' same moon
the same contours marking the land beneath it
the moonblanched hilltops
the river gleaming on the valley floor.

This same and silver land
slowly advancing in its ancient curve
wheels under the moon's observance
her clotted cities sleepless and controlled.
Only the harbour and the waterways
show to the moon's conspiring beacon
the white fare of fear.

Delicate on the silver surface of fields
flattened, far below,
the dim crosses of the bombers' shadows
fly baseward over the farmlands
over the channel: the raid accomplished
derangement scattered over the schemes of men.

The seas lift deeply
as a breast sighing
The sleepless continent verges upon light
to see its ruin
The last of the winged nightmares vanish
between moon and earth.

We, bedded in America, begin soft dreams
Bared to the moon our shores experience
the silver camouflage, the heightened sea
Here coastal cities foam with light
Now sudden hills, foundries without concealment.

This emptiness between earth and moon
only sparse dreams invade
trailing their shadow over starving faces
of families weakening in the wasted grain
or camping faint under the burdened fruit trees.

Rolls under the centuries' same moon
our hopeful west
against whose sleeping shores and their playful cities
sighs the Pacific.



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Shearingiana

SIR:—William Roughead's "Laurel Water; or The Wicked Brother," one of the essays in his "The Fatal Countess" (Dutton, 1924) might be added to Max Lekus's interesting list of sources for Joseph Shearing's "The Crime of Laura Sarelle." [*SRL*, June 21, 1941.] In "The Seamy Side" (1938), Roughead speaks of "The fine fictions of Mr. Joseph Shearing, which in my judgment are in a class by themselves, and form the most conspicuous monument to be found in this Potter's Field of literature." Discussing the governess who figured in the Praslin murder which was the base of Shearing's "Forget-Me-Not" (American title: "Lucile Cléry: Woman of Intrigue"), he also advances the interesting theory that Mdlle. Deluzy-Desportes might have suggested Becky Sharp to Thackeray. "Vanity Fair" was coming out in monthly numbers in 1847-1848, the year after the tragedy.

We Shearingians like to speculate on the identity of our idol. Personally, I lean to the Marjorie Bowen school of thought. Miss Bowen, whose real and full name is Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell Long, possesses several of the necessary qualifications, such as a knowledge of English Bohemian life ("Moss Rose"); a grandfather who lived in Jamaica ("The Golden Violet"); and long residence and study in Paris ("Forget-Me-Not," "Aunt Beardie"). She has also written under the pseudonyms "George Preedy" and "Edgar Winch." In Marjorie Bowen's "God's Playthings" (1913), there are occasional passages which are very like Joseph Shearing, especially in the frequent use of the semi-colon, minute knowledge of feminine frippery, and a sinister twist in the final sentence.

EARLE F. WALBRIDGE.

New York City.

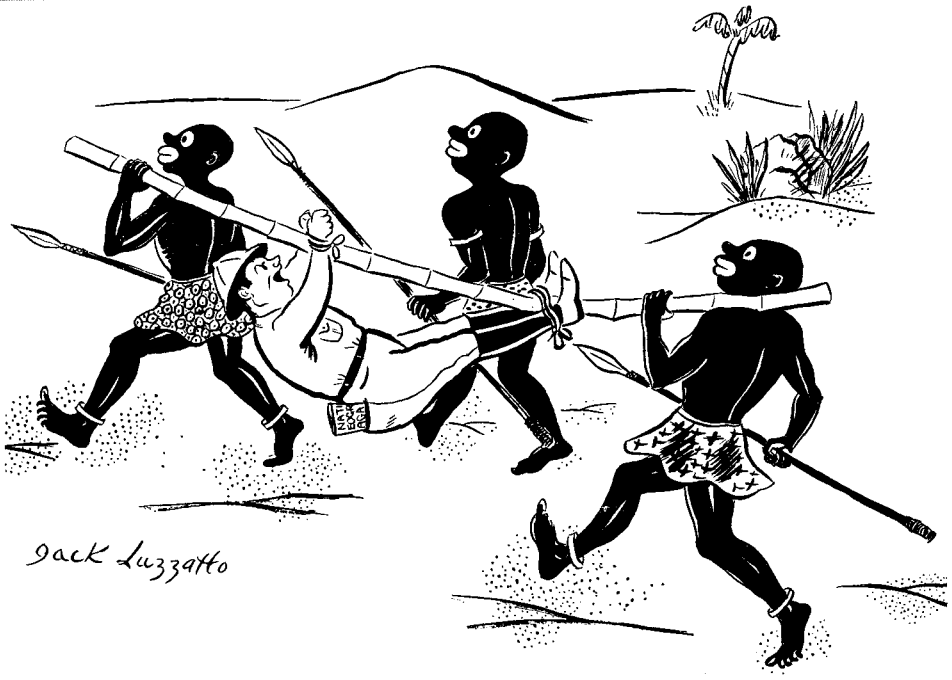
### Reviewer vs. Author

SIR:—I am sorry to have been unfair to Miss Gardiner and note with pleasure that two other reviewers have been very friendly to "West of the River." However, the length of her explanation of what she really did mean by her brief note on the origin of the Plains horse and the ingenuity of the explanation that by "the south" she might have meant the "Mexico" that is now a large part of the field of her subject, indicate the inadequacy and the almost certain error of some of her statements. This amendment on "Mexico" has the effect of making Miss Gardiner say, virtually, "The Plains horse of the United States comes from the Plains horse of what is now the United States but was once Mexico." This is probably true enough, but doesn't go into the earlier origin on the Spanish ranches far to the south. There are several reasons to doubt that they were "runaways."

Since Onate was the first settler in the whole region in 1598, it would seem perfectly evident that Santa Fé was not there then—neither was Fred Harvey. I suppose twenty miles a day is a fair stint for a cavalry horse on the march but Miss Gardiner's statement is not "cavalry horses" but "*horses.*" The latest test I know of in this kind of speed in horses was the "Pony Express" ride of March, 1939, from Texas to the San Francisco Fair, a distance of 1750 miles, in which each rider used his two horses alternately. The winners, range "ponies," average a little over 38 miles a day each under the most unfavorable circumstances of terrain and weather that varied from below freezing to 108 degrees Fahrenheit. They were in poor condition when they reached town but suffered no serious injury. And these were not U. S. Army remounts.

PHIL STONG.

Washington, Conn.




**"You can't do this to me—I'm from the National Geographic."**

### Information, Please

SIR:—Can one of your readers tell me in which work of the French critic, Renan, the following passage is to be found?

> The countries which, like the United States, have developed a considerable system of popular instruction, but no serious higher learning, will long have to expiate this fault by the vulgarity of their manners, the uncertainty of their aims, and their lack of general intelligence.

ELIZABETH ROYON.

2622 North Moreland Blvd.
Cleveland, Ohio.

SIR:—I am writing a biography of *James Connolly, the labor leader and* Irish patriot who was executed after the Easter rising of 1916. From 1903 to 1910 he was active in the U. S., in the Socialist Labor Party, the Socialist Party, and the I.W.W. I should be very glad to hear from those who knew him either here or abroad; anecdotes and personal correspondence would be particularly welcome.

SAMUEL LEVENSON.

70 Phillips St.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:—Will one of your readers be so kind as to inform me where I will find the rhyme, made about a little dachshund, in which the following lines occur?

> So while his eyes were full of woe
> Because of present sadness,
> His little tail went wagging on
> Because of previous gladness.

The rest of it, the name of the author, when and where published, have all escaped my memory.

HELEN GEDNEY POLLOCK.

Ridley Park, Pa.

SIR:—I am gathering material on the life of Benjamin Church, and on the life of Metacom (King Philip), which I hope eventually will be used in an historical novel. I am chiefly interested in the childhood and family life, and later life of Captain Church. Mannerisms, characteristics, etc. have been difficult to unearth. Any aid given will be deeply appreciated and most welcome.

ANNE MERRITT GREENE.

Box 4145-Village Sta.
Los Angeles, Calif.



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# Distinction in Printing

CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE is the only literary periodical which considers the physical appearance of books and the circumstances of their manufacture with particularity. This department is interested in those productions of the printing press which a discriminating collector may be intrigued to garner and preserve because of their format. So the only thread of continuity in its reviews is provided by what are called by the imported term "book arts." During the past season the output of distinguished printing has been below the average: instead we have had a considerable number of books dealing with the history of printing, incited by the anniversaries of its introduction into Europe and America. This present appearance of *The Compleat Collector* (the last of the present season) notices four books partly of historical material, partly of practical treatment of the craft of printing.

★ ★

"Printers and Printing" (Harvard University Press, 1941, $3). The Associate Director of the Harvard University Press, Mr. David T. Pottinger, has written a simple, matter-of-fact treatise on various aspects of the printer's art, especially intended to interest the lay reader, and to answer some of his questions about printing. In chapters devoted to the history of printing, to type design and the printer's tools, and to book design, the author, by a clear style and from full knowledge, seeks to assuage the growing curiosity of the common reader. To cover so wide a field in a hundred and fifty pages of large type is obviously to touch lightly or not at all on innumerable details, and there are some deficiencies, as in the list of supplementary reading on the history of printing. But hereafter, when "Anxious Inquirer" wants a short first aid to his curiosity, this will be the book to recommend, both because it is full of succinct information, and because it is itself a credit to the printer's art.

★ ★

"Composing Sticks and Mortar Boards" (Privately printed, 1941). Another writer closely connected with university presses, Mr. Earl Schenck Miers of Rutgers, has contributed from his experience to the vexed question of college printing—vexing mainly because the college stands, theoretically at least, for intellectual activity of a high order, while it tries to get its printing done as cheaply as possible. Perhaps I should be debarred from pleading in this case, and my only excuse is that Mr. Miers's book is written with much knowledge and understanding, in an easy, pleasant, and colloquial style. Bitter experience has not embittered him. Neither does he look down his nose at his confrères. He is enthusiastic for the betterment of college printing, from library call slip to catalogue, and he offers some good advice on how the betterment is to be achieved. There are suggestions as to type and paper and the purpose and aims of a university press, and some frank remarks on the importance of good printing as college advertising. With true missionary zeal the author and the Hadden Craftsmen have "printed, not published" the book.

★ ★

"Some Aspects of Printing" (New Haven, Rudge, $3). A few years ago Mr. D. B. Updike gave two or three lectures at Harvard College (where twenty years ago another series were later to become his *magnum opus* on Printing Types); more recently Mr. Updike lectured at the Huntington Library. These lectures have now been issued as homilies on various aspects of the printing industry (as the author prefers to call it) as they appear to a cultivated practitioner. The division into chapters seems to me somewhat unfortunate—in several cases two could happily be united into one, and I should have welcomed rather more explicitness. But the consideration of Gutenberg in relation to modern problems, the design of books and modern tendencies relating thereto, and the place of the educated man in printing, especially with relation to university presses, (the main subjects of the book), are the fruits of Mr. Updike's long and careful study and practice. Needless to say, the book, printed at the Merrymount Press, exemplifies discrimination and taste which Mr. Updike always brings to his work, whether in the arrangement of his words or his type.

"Bookbinding in America" (Portland, Southworth-Anthoensen, $7.50). This important work is the joint product of three authors, and logic would seem to have suggested two volumes instead of one. Part one is a history of American binding from 1636 to 1820—the period of a hand craft—by Miss Hannah D. French of the Wellesley College Library. In part two, Mr. Joseph W. Rogers of the Milwaukee Public Library, carries the story on into the machine age, when binding becomes casing and edition work. Together they form the first authoritative treatise on the subject—as pioneering as was Thomas's "History of Printing in America," but more thorough and with a wider perspective. I do not pretend to the knowledge requisite to a critical appraisal of the value of the details of the histories, but they appear to be first class monographs.

The final portion, part three, by Mr. Helmut Lehmann-Haupt of Columbia, concerns the care and rebinding of old books—a subject not exactly germane to the other parts. This is not to depreciate its value, which may be explained in the author's words: he does not restate the practical instructions of the existing manuals on the care and rebinding of old books, but discusses "the ethics and esthetics of binding." Errors in current practice are discussed and remedies suggested: old and nineteenth-century bindings are examined: the pestiferous pamphlet is considered: and even the much neglected lettering has attention.

The book is carefully and tastefully printed, and illustrated with seventy-three useful pictures of old and modern bindings. Of this readable and valuable book but one doubt remains: outward evidence being inconclusive, one wonders if it is itself bound adequately? My copy of Douglas Cockerell's manual has lost its back strip! I hope that this book will stand forty years of casual handling but experience with modern cased books is not reassuring. Let me not end on such a note. "Bookbinding in America" is as interesting as it is important, and can confidently be recommended to book lovers as well as to those professionally concerned.

The editors take pleasure in announcing that the American Institute of Graphic Arts recently awarded to Mr. Rollins the Institute Medal of Award with the citation: "Carl Purington Rollins, printer and designer of fine books. He has given the craft its true place in a great university." Former recipients of the award include Bruce Rogers, W. A. Dwiggins, Goudy, Updike, H. W. Kent, and others.



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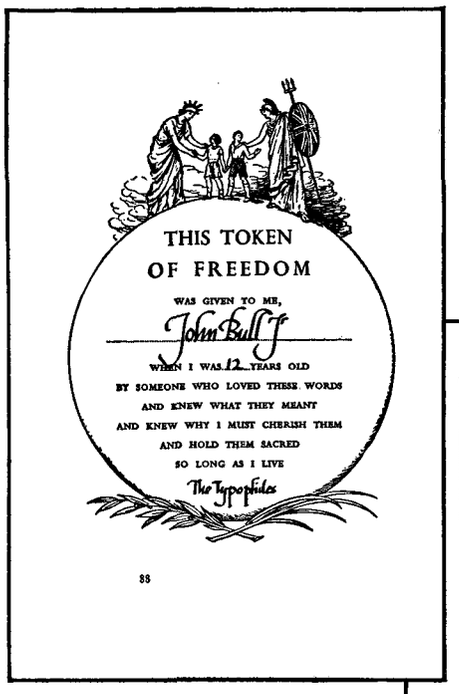


# Only 79 people can buy this book!

## —and it's available in but few bookstores in New York . . . . .

"Bombed but Unbeaten"

EXCERPTS FROM
THE WAR COMMENTARY OF
BEATRICE L. WARDE

PRINTED FOR FRIENDS OF FREEDOM
BY THE TYPOPHILES : NEW YORK : 1941

**Late in November, an American lady in London wrote a letter to a friend in New York. It began:**

"NEVER, if I may paraphrase Mr. Churchill, never in my history have I had so much to say to so many in so few minutes of time. When this Blitz started, anybody with a fountain pen and some paper in his brief-bag could tear off a lot of copy under the ideal conditions provided by an air-raid shelter. The sense of insulation, no telephone, no counter-attractions from out doors.

"Nowadays, when the 'danger overhead' klaxon goes halfway through an alert, I toy wistfully with the excuse to retire into a hole and catch up with my correspondence, but somebody always comes along with an urgent set of proofs or a 'phone call, and down goes my nose on the grindstone again.

"The urge to communicate all this excitement is very strong: we're going through a psychological Experiment of the very first interest to the human race in general, a costly one that will be partly wasted if nobody takes copious notes. Also, my fellow Americans have only the ghostliest wisp of a notion of what's going on, what's coming their way, what issues are involved. . . ."

That letter went on for more than a thousand words. It thrilled dozens of friends who read it. It was copied and recopied many times. It told more of what it's like in London *now* than any news dispatch any of us had seen before, or since.

NOW that letter, and two-dozen others, have been put into a book of 30,000 words (4½ x 7 inches in size, 120 pages) that is privately published to aid the bombed, distressed children of Britain. Reading *Bombed but Unbeaten* is a memorable experience. Owning it is a privilege only 79 individuals may enjoy now, for but 500 copies were printed for general sale and 421 of these have been sold in the several weeks since its issuance—*solely* by the recommendation of friends, who in turn have told other friends of this genuine find.

* * * * *

*BOMBED BUT UNBEATEN* is an example of distinguished bookmaking. It was designed by Bruce Rogers; has an appreciation of the author by D. B. Updike; contains a portrait of Beatrice Warde by the late Eric Gill, reproduced in collotype; and the story of *The Token of Freedom,* that famous little book every British youngster received when he or she came to the United States for the duration.

The book's production was a labor of love by The Typophiles, its publishers. The entire income from its sale, less actual costs of manufacture (and no profit or "overhead" is included) is going to aid British children *now,* in their great need. You can get your copy, if you act promptly, from

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*(This advertisement is contributed by C. M., a friend of the author and of The Typophiles)*



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# Liquid Miracles

*AMERICAN WINES. By Frank Schoonmaker and Tom Marvel. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 1941. 312 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS is a good, truthful, and optimistic book on the prospects of wine in this country. A great deal of high-flown hooey has been written by European, or at any rate English, olnophilists. In this country, as Mr. Schoonmaker and Mr. Marvel insist, there is no reason in nature why wine should not become a national drink: and a hopeful if tiny beginning had been made when the wicked policy of prohibition had the effect of confirming Americans in the dreadful fallacy that wine was "alcohol," and that a man drank for the sake of the effect of the alcohol. One consequence of this has been that today far more "fortified" wine (wine to which alcohol, or, legitimately, grape brandy has been added) is made and drunk in this country than in pre-Prohibition years.

"American Wines," then, is a book primarily on "table wines," and its authors have the laudable intention to encourage the drinking of sound, ordinary wine, and to discourage the bad taste which prefers heavy, brandied, sugared undistinguished liquors. Either they have had access to cellars unvisited by me, or they are not so experienced in the drinking of ordinary wine in Europe: for few olinophilists who have lived in France or Italy would agree that any native wine found here equals or excells those of France, as they claim of some Santa Cruz wines. If, however, the authors mean by this claim only that in this country the discerning wine-drinker will prefer American wine to the cheaper imported wines, I am in hearty agreement.

This raises a problem which strangely is undiscussed by the authors in this otherwise full treatise: the effect of travel on wine. Wine is a living thing; and like all living things will change if conditions change. A fortified wine will travel better than a natural wine, hence most Italian wines, which are never fine, are fortified when exported to England and America. Some natural wines are so sensitive that a slight journey will completely spoil them. The lovely wine of Albano, in the mountains just outside Rome, is undrinkable if you take it down to the city, and once I took two bottles of wine from one of the best private vineyards in Liguria, by train from Rapallo to Pisa—about 100 miles—only to find they were spoiled on arrival.

*—From the book.*

Now we have our American wine-growers and merchants considered this problem? And how do they deal with it?

I was very disappointed, during a long visit last year to California, when I failed altogether, except in private houses, to discover what I could have had in any French or Italian village, sound, ordinary cheap wines supplied directly from the grower to the wine-shop. The wines I bought differed little if at all from the Californian wine I could buy in New York, or Baltimore or Atlanta.

All American wines which I have drunk, except one Ohio "Chablis," remind me of Hungarian or Italian wines rather than of French, though one sound if rather harsh "Burgundy" was not unlike the wine of Auvergne. I have no doubt though, I shall have better luck now that I have Mr. Schoonmaker and Mr. Marvel's guide-book: the information on different grapes, and on various vineyards is invaluable. I could only wish they would also give a list of wise wine-merchants who specialize in native wines, and of the stores which these wholesalers supply. Nothing is so dreary as to visit the average Wine and Liquor Store in almost any American city, a store with a temperature in the eighties in winter and where the innocent blood of the grape is standing on its feet in warm bottles until it is exhausted in the torrid atmosphere, instead of lying down on its side in welcoming leisure in some reasonably cool cellar.

Wine, like all good things, has many enemies: fanatics, avaricious men, ignorant legislators, idiotic prejudice; but the authors of this book are on the right wagon when they insist that the first need in encouraging sound drinking is honesty and knowledge in those who make and sell that drink which, as Raymond Baudouin wrote, "is the antidote to alcoholism," that drink which Benjamin Franklin declared was "a constant proof that God loves us and loves to see us happy," the drink which Thomas Jefferson rejoiced to see taxed lightly, because a tax on wine is not "a tax on luxury. On the contrary, it is a tax on the health of our citizens."

# Economic Cosmos

*FISCAL POLICY AND BUSINESS CYCLES. By Alvin H. Hansen. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1941. 456 *pp., and index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD T. ELY

PROFESSOR HANSEN has given us a truly objective, scholarly and, at the same time, practical treatment of the overwhelming economic problems which we face today. Here is an admirable synthesis of the short-range and long-range points of view, with none of the ineffectual hesitancy of waiting until the data are all in before offering concrete suggestions. The author is keenly aware of the fact that we "are moving swiftly out of the order in which those of our generation were brought up into no one knows what." He is not frightened by this realization; rather he accepts it as a challenge to show how the tools at the command of the economist and statesman may be used to shape the new order to the pattern of our desires.

There is one thread which is closely woven into every sector of this analysis and that is our central problem of achieving and maintaining full employment, which, translated into economic jargon, is the problem of controlling the business cycle. He asks, "Is it Utopian to hope that countries may learn to use the powerful instrument of public policy for building and preserving the economic foundation of enduring world peace?" The entire volume constitutes a negative answer to that question. He sees potentialities for increasingly high living standards and wants to see them translated into reality by deliberate implementation of the role of the government in expanding public consumption and public investment. There are, of course, political obstacles to rational action which the author recognizes, but about which he can do nothing.

Unfortunately, the lay public will not read this book. But the conclusions reached therein will have to be fed to them in terms they can understand, in small sugar-coated doses if necessary, if the political obstacles to sound economic policy are to be overcome. Hansen knows that fiscal policy has not yet won a place as an instrument of economic control continuously to be applied as a means of securing employment, stabilization, and expansion. It will probably require quite a few sugar-coated pills to cure, for example, the diseased notion that public debt is of the same character as private debt. Hansen's statement that "whether a public debt

(*Continued on page* 16)



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# The Nordhoff-Hall Country

*THE SOUTH SEAS IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Felix M. Keesing. New York: The John Day Co.* 1941. 391 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

WHEREAS until recently the South Seas were best known to most of us as a region of romance represented by Dorothy Lamour, they are now of grimmer interest, and it must delight those great-grandsons of Tahitian warriors, who once beached their canoes over the bodies of live enemies, that their lands again are pawn to the needs of war; for the exploitation of their resources and, in smaller measure, the bent of the natives themselves, will surely be a matter of strategic importance if Japan, Holland, the United States, or France is ever involved in a Pacific war.

Far as the islands may be from both western and eastern theatres of the current conflict their relation to it is already established by Germany's colonial claims and Japan's inclusion of "Nanyo," the South Seas, as a precious parcel of her Greater East Asia. The New Hebrides became the first colonial area of France to declare allegiance to the Free French government, and for the first time in the history of the Pacific Britain and France have ironed out their imperial rivalries for the sake of integral defense.

Dr. Keesing's perceptive book is therefore as timely as the latest gunsight, filled as it is with what his introduction calls "the most complete comparative studies of every aspect of island life yet gathered into a single volume." The culture, political status and economic perspective of the 1,850,000 native peoples have been intimately studied by him under the auspices of the University of Hawaii and the Institute of Pacific Relations.

The questions he poses are many. How, for instance, can moral education—the white man's education—best be fostered among a people which sees its rulers as individually lax and nationally criminal, according to their own standards, in the prosecution of war? How can medical intelligence be inculcated when the curing of native yaws, which seemingly provide an immunity to syphilis, tills the flesh for syphilis to grow? What can be done about the rapid increase of population in small areas of limited resources? Dr. Keesing's statistics on population will surprise the many who believe the South Sea Islanders are dying out, for in Polynesia, Melanesia, and Micronesia the census shows for the most part a distinct increase during the last thirty years.

His conclusions are disappointingly few for a survey of this magnitude, and those he does express are rarely more than tentative. The cause of the native is close to his heart. He feels it would be wise to allow all the islanders as much self-expression and political determination as they can practically employ, "utilizing, if possible, the fundamentals of the old cooperative philosophy." He states emphatically, regarding the past, that "nowhere, it may be noted, was there any complete collectivism or communism such as some theorists have postulated for the primitive world—in fact it is not found even in the simplest known societies," a dictum indisputable.

The book is rich in bibliography and appendices, detailing the resources of the islands, their communications, their trade, land tenure, currency values, with authoritative tables of native and alien population. It is a book not only of considerable importance for today, but for our dubious tomorrow.


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2. Alexander Botts, in dozens of entertaining short stories by William Hazlett Upson.
3. "David Harum," by Edward N. Westcott.
4. Roger Mifflin, in "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley.
5. Johnny Inkslinger, in the Paul Bunyan legends, as told by James Stevens.
6. Theophilus Godall, formerly Prince Florizel of Bohemia, in "The Dynamiter" and "New Arabian Nights," by Robert Louis Stevenson.
7. Mr. Dooley, in the works of Peter Finley Dunne.
8. Dennis Kerrigan, in "Show Girl" and "Denny and the Dumb Cluck," by J. P. McEvoy.
9. Edward Ponderovo, in "Tono-Bungay," by H. G. Wells.
10. Mr. Sedley, in "Vanity Fair," by W. M. Thackeray.


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## ECONOMIC COSMOS

(*Continued from page* 14)

should be reduced or not depends exclusively on the general economic situation and not upon judgments derived from private accounting considerations" would probably be received with horror in many circles. The supporting analysis is logical, realistic, and thoroughly convincing, but diametrically opposed to our fiscal policy of long standing which aimed at a reduction of public expenditures to the utmost possible limit and a tax structure which would leave intact relative distribution of income as it would be in a tax-free society. Hansen believes that the aim of a new fiscal policy should be to insure full employment of the factors of production by greatly enlarged government expenditures financed by an increase in taxation and in the public debt.

"We need to change our ideas about the true meaning of economy. It is pure waste to economize by policies which condemn labor and capital to idleness."

It is the author's thesis that the causes of business fluctuations are found mainly in factors which bring about a rise and fall in the rate of real investment, *i.e.*, investment in inventories, plant equipment, housing, public construction, etc. In the past, periods of buoyant prosperity have resulted from opportunity for "extensive expansion" afforded by technological innovations, development of new territory and the growth of population. The approaching cessation of population growth and the disappearance of new territory for settlement and exploitation may cut off a half or more of the investment outlets of the past. And although the development of new industries is not altogether a thing of the past we are not warranted in basing our hopes on the emergence of new industries as rich in investment opportunities as the railroads or automobile. The author believes that our society can remain dynamic only if we can find substitutes for the stimuli to investment which existed in the past and that the way is open through "the avenue of government expenditures" and through that measure of capital formation which is associated with the advance of technique and a rise in per capita output."

This is not the first time we have heard it said that "we cannot afford to allow the national income and the volume of employment to fall below a tolerable level." This is not the first plea for the choice of democratic planning as against totalitarian regimentation, but this *is* one of the first attempts to ascertain how far we may rely on automatic readjustment, how far deliberate action is required and of what character this action should be.

## Your Literary I. Q.

**By Howard Collins**

BUSINESS MEN IN FICTION

The world of fiction is populated not only by gallant knights and ladies fair but also by men of business and commerce. Here are ten such workaday citizens whose occupations have made them famous. Allowing 5 points for each one you can identify, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created him, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. A booster, a joiner, a hustler, full of push, punch, and pep, he sold houses to his fellow citizens of Zenith for more than they could afford to pay.
2. He is the sales manager of the Earthworm Tractor Company.
3. A shrewd though unlettered philosopher, he combined the calling of banker in Homeville, New York, with the hobby of horse trading.
4. He is the proprietor of "Parnassus at Home," a second-hand book store in Gissing Street, Brooklyn.
5. Timekeeper in a lumber camp, he wore an eraser on the end of his nose, and he figured so fast that he had to have hose attachments to two dozen barrels of ink in order to keep his fountain pen flowing.
6. Once the Prince of Bohemia, when a revolution dethroned him he opened a cigar store in Rupert Street, Soho, London.
7. This middle-aged Irish-American was the witty and philosophic proprietor of a saloon in Archey Road, Chicago.
8. He was the Indiana sales representative for Gleason & Company, Greeting Cards for All Occasions.
9. After inventing a fake patent medicine, he boomed it into a gigantic financial enterprise by means of his imaginative advertising.
10. Ruined by the escape of Napoleon from Elba, this once-prosperous stock broker earned a meager living by selling high-priced coal, bad wine, and lottery tickets.

## SQUIRE OF GAYETA LODGE

(*Continued from page* 4)

Finger, who greeted us, that he was out practicing target-shooting. He did not come in till nearly five; and then Charles J. lay on a couch and talked to me. The fact that he had to lie down was in itself ominous; but he seemed still so full of life and spirits that I thought him good for another ten years. The next day, we drove to Siloam Springs in our car; and there, for some reason, fell to talking about religion. I had known that he tended to agnosticism, as every thinking man in our day must needs do; but now I was surprised to hear from his lips a sommendation of the "Lord's Prayer." "All that a man can do is to establish order in his vicinity, and there isn't a pharse in it that isn't a plea for order," was what he said, quoting phrases to illustrate.

We parted at Fayetteville, at two o'clock in the afternoon of November 11, Armistice Day. We shook hands and he said something in Spanish that I did not catch. He explained that it was a phrase picked up in his youth, meaning "well, when shall we meet again?" We did not meet again. He became ill with influenza; and on January 7, 1941, his overtaxed heart gave out.

He was, I feel, in many ways the most extraordinary man I have ever known; the bravest, the strongest, the most capable of living out his life on his own terms, and the one who had least of all those nervous ups and downs that afflict other writers. He was buried, I have been told, under a favorite elm tree on his own estate —acres that he had bought, built up, sustained by his own energy and labor. He had taken and had accepted the world on his own valuation, largely as Thoreau and a few others had; and had stood by his part of that bargain. He was princely in his generosity, was known as such by great and small; but there was something in him that few knew, because they did not share it—something that the wilds of Patagonia had perhaps taught—an isolation, a granite singleness of purpose. He loved literature, the great classics above all, just as he loved the great musicians. They had life and form. His art was largely expressed by the business of living his own life, his building of an estate, the extension of his own personality and career into the lives of his children. He was therefore unique altogether apart from his writings, a man who under any circumstances and in any company would have seemed remarkable. He was a great man.



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# TRADE WINDS

THE rapid advance in university publications marks an interesting chapter in the history of American printing. The higher institutions of learning not only publish learned and scholarly tracts and books, but take infinite pains to place into the hands of their readers beautifully printed and handsomely designed books. Widely recognized printing craftsmen are frequently associated with university presses either in an active or advisory capacity. And to them must go the gratitude of those who are interested in fine printing and typography. When you read *The Virginia Quarterly, The Yale Review, Books Abroad,* or any of the other magazines issued by universities, you experience the welcome warmth and inviting feel of type, paper, and format. Men like Bruce Rogers, Carl Rollins, Earl Schenck Miers, and David Pottinger, have much to do with the distinctiveness of these periodicals.

★ ★

☞We've had a good many inquiries from readers about the magazine *Horizon,* mentioned two weeks ago. To carry out, in wartime, a literary venture of this sort implies far more than the bare words admit, and probably far more than we over here can imagine. But what makes *Horizon* more than a venture is the purpose and the quality of its direction, and its content. We certainly hope the British Paper Controller (a very, very important person now for the English publishing industry) will continue to allot the necessary paper for *Horizon's* monthly pages.

★ ★

☞It has been our untraveled illfortune to find in summer hotel libraries only the same three books—"Frank on a Gunboat," "The Home Medical Adviser," and "Lady Rose's Daughter"—and so, we were delighted to find at Haddon Hall, in Atlantic City, one of the most sophisticated resort libraries we have ever seen. Robert W. Leeds, a young director of the hotel and a book collector himself, assembled the library through Philadelphia and New York dealers. The outstanding modern and classical novelists, poets, historians, and biographers are represented in hundreds of volumes; and from the special editions shelves we took down "The Works of Rabelais," Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," "47 Letters from Marcel Proust," Huneker's "Painted Veils," Osborn's "Questioned Documents," Orcutt's "In Quest of the Perfect Book," Hartley's "The Old Books," Mann's "The Magic Mountain" (signed), and "The Haverford Edition of Christopher Morley's Works."

★ ★

☞One of our illusions has been shattered. And that is fishing. We, like probably thousands of other city-bred Isaac Waltons, nurtured the idea that the requirements of fishing were quite simple. We'd hie away to a small lake, dig a few worms, with bamboo pole for a rod and a bent pin for a hook (we've seen hundreds of calendar pictures of freckled-faced lads with just this sort of equipment, and presto—we'd be pulling in spreckled trout, white fish, and perhaps a pike here and there. Now comes Arthur W. Bell, the Compleat Angler and a valued contributor to *Trade Winds,* with this quatrain of discouragement:

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As man and his motor have brought it about,
The angler must learn, if he hopes to take trout,
Two dominant factors in fisherman's luck,
The schedule and route of the hatchery truck.

Well, we can always hunt rabbits.

☞We've been through the Cheney report in connection with the American Library Association meeting held in Boston recently. As we went through it we pondered about one of the discouraging points made by the report: thousands of communities are completely without bookstores or libraries. Most of these villages and towns are in the South, Middlewest, and Southwest. ☞We wonder if we may suggest a course of research on "The Reading Habits in Communities Deprived of Book Facilities." Perhaps the Guggenheim Foundation or a Carnegie grant may encourage some expert in this field to pursue what seems to us to be a highly important line of study.

★ ★

☞This month the New York Trade Book Clinic has found five books worthy of special mention. Each is above the average in design and execution: "The Boys in the Back Room," by Edmund Wilson (Colt Press); "Catherine of Aragon," by Garrett Mattingly (Little, Brown); "Living Biographies of the Great Poets," by Henry and Dana Lee Thomas (Garden City); "Say, Is This the U.S.A.?," by Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White (Duell, Sloan & Pearce); "The Transposed Heads," by Thomas Mann (Knopf).


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# Double-Crostics: No. 381

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1- I | 2- S | 3- M | 4- H | | 5- B | 6- C | 7- V | 8- Z | 9- R | |
| 10- N | 11- G | 12- K | 13- X | 14- O | 15- M | 16- Y | | 17- V | 18- N | 19- J | 20- G | | 21- W | 22- A | | 23- A |
| 24- I | 25- J | | 26- V | 27- A | 28- X | 29- Y | 30- C | 31- Q | 32- L | 33- D | | 34- I | 35- K | 36- L | | 37- V |
| 38- T | 39- B | 40- H | 41- E | 42- J | 43- W | 44- G | 45- D | 46- M | 47- N | 48- Z | | 49- L | 50- I | | 51- Y | 52- O |
| 53- M | 54- G | 55- D | 56- Z | | 57- T | 58- C | 59- K | 60- W | | 61- L | 62- W | | 63- C | 64- E | 65- W | 66- P |
| | 67- O | 68- N | 69- J | 70- K | 71- F | | 72- H | 73- U | 74- V | 75- N | 76- S | 77- W | 78- Z | | 79- F | 80- G |
| | 81- J | 82- F | 83- A | | 84- V | 85- R | 86- S | 87- M | 88- U | 89- X | 90- C | 91- T | 92- D | 93- J | 94- E | 95- Y |
| | 96- I | 97- G | 98- A | | 99- A | 100- F | 101- K | | 102- B | 103- R | 104- E | 105- Y | 106- V | 107- K | 108- D | 109- P |
| 110- H | 111- M | 112- W | 113- S | 114- X | | 115- G | 116- L | | 117- P | 118- H | 119- D | 120- G | | 121- P | 122- G | |
| 123- J | 124- H | 125- C | 126- P | | 127- R | 128- C | 129- K | 130- N | 131- E | | 132- Q | 133- D | 134- W | 135- V | 136- Z | 137- E |
| 138- B | 139- C | 140- N | 141- T | 142- X | 143- U | | 144- Z | 145- A | 146- X | 147- H | 148- F | 149- M | 150- E | 151- W | 152- N | 153- V |
| | 154- L | 155- A | | 156- A | 157- K | 158- F | | 159- O | 160- R | 161- E | 162- S | 163- J | 164- Y | 165- L | 166- P | 167- D |
| 168- C | | 169- Q | 170- A | 171- H | 172- V | 173- E | | 174- S | 175- T | 176- M | 177- C | | | | | |

### DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 9 of this issue.**

### DEFINITIONS

**A.** Charles II. of Spain (2 wds.)

**B.** Of heroic scale or mold.

**C.** Well-known astringent from shrub-bark.

**D.** Introduce by a first act.

**E.** Export, produce (2 wds.)

**F.** First self-hardening steel.

**G.** Alike in stupidity.

**H.** Jumble.

**I.** Orchid used as Chinese tea in France.

**J.** Inspection.

**K.** Governmental policy for recovering lost territory.

**L.** Pertaining to the porcupine fishes.

**M.** Teleological (philos.)

**N.** That point of a planet's orbit most distant from the sun.

**O.** Shakespearean villain.

**P.** Frisk, hop here and there.

**Q.** Personal pronoun.

**R.** Dickens pickpocket mentor.

**S.** Character in *Twelfth Night*.

**T.** Smiling, gay.

**U.** English dramatist (1653?-92).

**V.** Lack of physical or mental power.

**W.** Pertaining to theory of evolution, in book by Robert Chambers (1844).

**X.** Begin, undertake.

**Y.** Inborn.

**Z.** Tutelary spirit.

### WORDS

145 155 83 98 22 99 27 170 23 156

39 102 138 5

63 128 30 139 6 58 125 90 177 168

133 33 108 92 119 167 45 55

131 41 173 161 137 94 104 150 64

148 82 71 100 158 79

11 20 44 122 115 97 80 54 120

171 147 40 124 72 110 4 118

50 96 24 34 1

81 163 25 42 69 93 19 123

12 101 129 59 35 107 157 70

36 61 49 165 32 116 154

176 87 3 149 53 46 15 111

140 10 18 130 152 68 47 75

159 52 67 14

117 121 126 66 166 109

169 31 132

9 103 127 85 160

113 174 162 86 76 2

38 175 91 141 57

88 143 73

7 135 26 74 37 172 84 106 17 153

43 151 62 60 112 134 21 65 77

89 114 142 28 13 146

95 29 105 164 51 16

78 8 48 136 144 56



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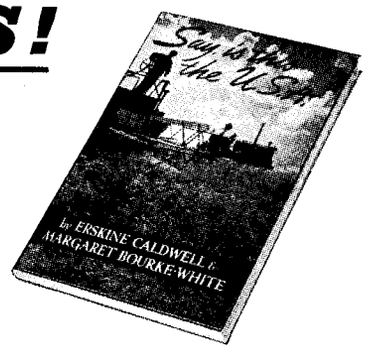


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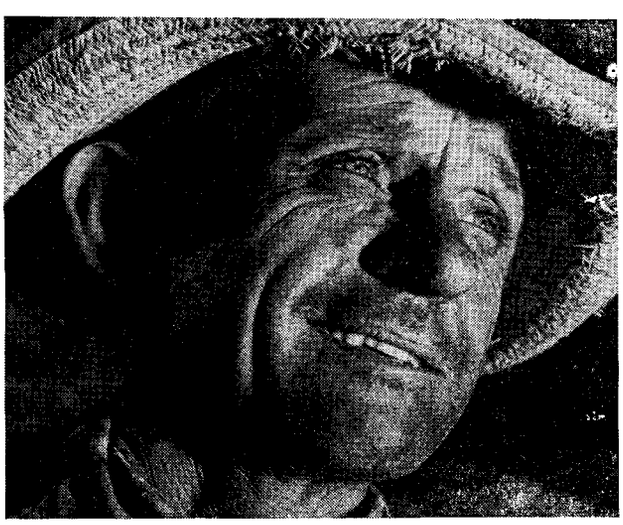

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